And for his death no wind of blame ſhall breathe,
But euen his mother ſhall vncharge the practiſe,
And call it accident.
Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deuiſe it ſo
That I might be the organ.
King. It falls right,
You haue bin talkt of ſince your trauel much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing for a qualitie
Wherein they ſay you ſhine, your ſumme of parts
Did not together plucke ſuch enuie from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthieſt ſiege.
Laer. What part is that my Lord?
King. A very riband in the cap of youth
Yet needfull too, for youth no leſſe becomes
The light and careleſſe liuerie that it weares
Then ſetled age, his ſables, and his weeds
Importing health and graueneſſe; two moneths ſince
Heere was a Gentleman of *Normandie*,
I haue ſeene my ſelfe, and ſeru'd againſt the *French*,
And they can well on horſe-back, but this Gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his ſeate,
And to ſuch wondrous doing brought his horſe,
As had he bin incorp'ſt, and demy-natur'd
With the braue beaſt, ſo farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgerie of ſhapes and tricks
Come ſhort of what he did.
Laer. A *Norman* waſt?
King. A *Norman*.
Laer. Vpon my life *Lamord*.
King. The very ſame.
Laer. I know him, well he is the brooch indeed.
And Gemme of all the Nation.
King. He made confeſſion of you,
And gaue you ſuch a maſterly report
For art and exerciſe in your defence,
And for your Rapier moſt eſpeciall,
That he cri'd out t'would be a ſight indeed

3 accedent 13 siedge 15 ribaud